

C E L I B A C Y:

O R,

GOOD ADVICE

T O

Young Fellows to keep Single.

In which are Painted,

In very lively Colours, the Pictures of many terrible WIVES, both at
COURT and in the CITY.

B E I N G A N

A N S W E R

T O

MATRIMONY; *or, GOOD ADVICE to the Ladies, &c.*

*Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the First,
Tho' pair'd by Heaven, in Paradise, were curs'd.*

D R Y D.



L O N D O N:

PRINTED for T. READ, in Dogwell-Court, White-Fryers. MDCCXXXIII.

(Price One Shilling.)

C E L I A C Y

O R

GOOD DVICE



T O

Young Fellows to keep Single

In which are Painted

In very lively Colours, the Pinnacles of many terrible Whores, both as
Court and in the City.

B E I N G A N

A N S W E R

T O

MATRIMONY; OR, Good Advice to the Ladies, &c.

Minds are so easily misled, that even the best
The point is, however, in Pinnacles, &c. &c.

By



L O N D O N

Printed for T. R. in Degate Court, White Horse, &c.

(Price One Shilling)



CELIA

GOOD ADVICE

TO

Young Fellows to keep Single.



N D have the Fates, my *Strephon*, then
decreed,

That on fell *Hymen's* Altar thou must
bleed?

A wretched, dying Sacrifice for Life,
To that infernal Fury call'd a Wife?

Go

B

Wilt

Wilt thou, who hast the World so fully known,
 So long enjoy'd the Pleasures of the Town,
 Consent to be a voluntary Slave,
 And all the Dangers of fierce Wedlock brave?
 You've chose, you say, a Partner for your Life,
 Who's learnt the modest Duties of a Wife,
 Bred in the Country, far from Town and Court,
 Where no Coquets, no loose-taught Dames resort;
 Yet will I shew the Rock you ought to shun,
 And stop you in the Road to be undone.

Altho' your Wife far distant from this Place,
 Honestly bred, and of a worthy Race,
 Humble and Mild, with little Charge content,
 Makes Virtue yet her greatest Ornament.
 Altho' no babbling Maid can Stories tell,
 Or youthful Swain her early Loves reveal.
 Allow her hitherto with Patience fill'd,
 Modest in Dress, in Vanities unskill'd;
 Yet Marriage soon the hopes will set her free,
 For Marriage is their Way to Liberty.

The Day, the fatal Day is fix'd; 'tis said,
 Your Instruments of Bondage ready made;
 Next Week your once lov'd Freedom you must quit,
 And to the galling Yoke your Neck submit.

Go



Go then those frail, those short liv'd Pleasures taste,
 Which scarcely will the bridal Mirth out-last.
 A lovely Ignorance you take to Wife,
 And will she be an Ideot all her Life?
 Refuse those Joys that Women most pursue,
 And seek to please, and live alone for you?
 Shut up her Beauties from the common Praise,
 Retir'd, and hid, as in *Lucretia's* Days?
 When strict Reserve, and shame-fac'd Modesty,
 Were thought the surest Guards of Chastity;
 When Sires, to keep their Daughters' Innocence,
 Made Ignorance of Ill its great Defence;
 Each infant Beauty then but rarely shown,
 Unseen, unsought, 'till to Perfection grown;
 Then heard of first, and by some Worthy chose,
 Became the Honour of his noble House.

Now, in her Bib, Miss spurns the slacken'd Rein,
 And hears her Strippling Lover tell his Pain;
 Common she visits ev'ry Publick Place,
 And gives an early Surfeit of her Face.

Is this an Age, my Friend, to take a Wife?
 And wear domestick Fetters during Life?
 When e'en in Youth no Modesty is found,
 When Town and Country, both in Vice abound?

For

For not to Courts alone Love's Power's confin'd,
 In Woods and Fields he rules the Savage Kind:
 But you, the Nuptial Ceremonies done,
 Your Innocent must quickly bring to Town,
 To see the World, and in the prudent Care,
 Of some She-Friend all lawful Pleasures share:
 And is your Courage such as to despise
 The many Dangers still before your Eyes?
 When at the Court, the Play, the Masquerade,
 Each well-dress'd Fop your *Agnes* shall invade?
 When to each Scene of Levity she goes,
 Infested all by modish Bawds and Beaus.
 What shall her boasted Chastity defend?
 Or your sad Doom of Cuckoldom suspend?
 Can she be safe? Have you no Cause to fear?
 Tho' in the Hands of virtuous *H-g-r*?
 Dress'd with her Friend at twelve behold her come,
 Gaily she enters the enchanted Room,
 All girlish Fear throws off; and, with Delight,
 Prepares to taste the Pleasures of the Night,
 Taught by her Friend all Scandal to defy,
 Who cries, *but most beware of Modesty,*
That Enemy to Joy. Before her Eyes
 Gaudy and rich a new Creation lies;
 Here Nymphs and Shepherds nimbly dance around,
 And Wood-Gods trip to Hautboy's sprightly Sound.
There

There Heroes and their Dames apart retire,
 To fan with soft Discourse the kindling Fire:
 Here tempting Meats provoke the Appetite,
 And sparkling Wines to warmer Joys invite.
 'Tis Three, and now the Noon of Night is gone,
 Succeeding Pleasures draw each other on;
 Convenient Darknefs comes, the Tapers now
 Blazing expire, or in their Sockets glow.
 Now Love the Signal gives, the Youth prepare
 To try their Vigour in his pleasing War.

“ The *Masquerade*! you cry, your Jests forbear,
 “ And know no Wife of mine shall enter there,
 “ 'Till, lewd as *Valnio*'s most adult'rous Wife,
 “ She haunts the Stews a common Whore for Life.
 “ At *H---y---d*'s, *H---s*' every Brothel known,
 “ And takes the Templer's Treat of half a Crown.
 “ Gamesters and Highwaymen her Champions
 “ makes,
 “ And drinks and swears with Thieves, and Play-
 “ house Rakes:
 “ All this, my Friend, I might expect to fear,
 “ Was my chaste Spouse allow'd to enter there.

Then if you dare refuse, each Fair with Scorn,
 Will wish to point at your exalted Horn;

But

C

A Brute,

*A Brute, who under Lock his Wife would lay,
And Woman's Liberty dares take away!*

Be wise, my Friend, the Female Outcry shun,
Nor tho' a Cuckold think yourself undone.

In all Degrees the honour'd Horn appears;
Will you despise what half the People wears?

Nor think the *Masquerade* the Place alone,
Where close Designs of Love are carry'd on.
Must not your blooming Wife at Court appear?
And sparkle foremost at the Theatre?

Where Tinsel Heroes ev'ry Night proclaim,
Lewdness is Merit, Virtue but a Name,
Where modest *C--ve* and *H--r--n* shall improve
Her Mind, and shew her all the Paths of Love.

Fit her for Passion you could not inspire,
In tempting Colours paint the lawless Fire,
Of fashionable Lewdness teach the Art,
And with new useful Maxims fill her Heart.

Which she, a Scholar apt, may soon bestow,
By Way of Practice, on some tender Beau.

Coquet at first, and swearing to be chaste,
Persuaded long, she'll leap the Bounds at last;
For Women, in the Way to be undone,
Nearer the Precipice still faster run;

But

But should those Maxims, yet not quite forgot,
Which once her Nurse, or careful Mother taught,
Still keep her Body from the fatal Snare,
Her Mind's debauch'd and you but half the Woman
share.

She meditates upon some smother Face,
Rejects your lawful Love, and husbandly Embrace:
Then strive with Gold the fullen Girl to please,
Gold best employ'd to give its Master Ease!
Give Brilliants, than her sparkling Eyes more
bright,

And Massive Silver place before her Sight;
With Damask, and rich Velvets, dress each Room;
To please her Taste a Cook from *France* must come:
On her rich Coach let Gold on Carving rise,
And feather'd Footmen draw the People's Eyes;
Too late your Folly you will then repent,
When ru'nous Lawyers shall for Money lent,
Convey those Lands which *Rollo's* warlike Son,
Gave heretofore for noble Service done.

You say, perhaps, to Wit your Wife's inclin'd,
Hates Show, and only seeks the Riches of the
Mind:

Soon *Desaguillier* grows her dearest Friend,
Of him she learns what Course the Stars intend,

Studious

Studious of Knowledge, to enrich her Head,
 A Lecture in your Dining-Room is read.
 A Sov'reign Judge she finds each Author's Flaw,
 In Phyfic learn'd, Divinity, and Law;
 Reads *Pope's* heroic Labours once a Year,
 Decides 'twixt *Craftsmen* and the *Gazetteer*.
 Each Play and Farce is on her Toilet laid,
 And ev'ry stupid Poem that is made.
 Next *Locke* she turns ye o'er and *Dr. Clarke*,
 Shews where their Sense is clear and where 'tis dark.
 In deep Enquiries thus she spends her Life,
 And scorns the humble Duties of a Wife;
 Hates Cleanliness, and a well ordered House,
 Her Children flights, and her illt'rate Spouse;
 Yet was she mine, Heaven's Goodness would I praise,
 Tho' in her Library she spent her Days;
 With all the *Dunciad* Authors round, if free
 From Noise she left my harmless House and me;
 Nor clamours like poor *Drollio's* lordly Wife,
 Who in contentious Quarrels wastes her Life;
 Who fond of Rule her Will can never yield,
 But still, tho' foil'd in Battle, keeps the Field,
 Servants and harmless Children feel her Rage;
 Nor aught her restless Anger can assuage,
 Till the good Man, to gain one quiet Hour,
 Yields to her female Sway his rightful Pow'r:

So ends the long Dispute, but who can tell?
 Perhaps the Conqueror may govern well;
 And thus, her Empire settled during Life,
 Love you and your's, and prove a careful Wife;
 Then of the good Usurper ne'er complain,
 Nor lost Dominion labour to regain:
 But when with Stomach proud you mourn your
 State,
 Compare your own with *'s or **'s Fate,
 Who, by unhappy Stars to Ruin led,
 Took each a Gaming Fury to his Bed:
 Or think on wife Lord *Spurio's* sprightly Dame,
 Whose Wit and Cheeks enliv'ning Draughts in-
 flame,
 In secret, with a Set of chosen Friends,
 O'er chearing Cups her Mid-night Hours she spends,
 And when *Aurora* lights the Morning Air,
 Commits her Person to her Footmen's Care;
 Or lusty Chairmen, by whose Brawn convey'd,
 Perfum'd with Wine, and Snuff, she reels to Bed:
 But what Assurance can the Lady plight,
 That she had known no Joys but Wine that Night?
 Her Company were Women all, 'tis true,
 But when from those She-Drunkards she withdrew,
 What Eunuchs homeward brought her Chastity,
 And lost the easy Opportunity.

" Well, Sir, for this the Sex's Thanks are due;
 " And he who once *Rome's* bolder Matrons drew,
 " Scarce in more Gall his sharpen'd Pencil wet,
 Hear then what Monsters are unpainted yet.
 Yon fierce Bigotte swell'd with godly Pride,
 Thinks all her Sins and Follies justify'd:
 If with a Gang of *Whitefield's* Fools she strays,
 And on a Dunghill chants forth Heav'nly Lays.
 Neglecting Children and all Household Care,
 To join th' Enthusiastic Rabbles Pray'r.
 But these you say are Mob, not worth Regard,
 Worse than e'er follow'd *Henley, Mapp, or Ward*.
 They're Mob, I grant, but yet, my Friend, you'll see,
 Some who have shining Gold and Pedigree.
 Is not old *Laura* with the Doctor found,
 And *Flavia* both worth forty Thousand Pound?
 The rich, young *Julia* too all Mirth forgoes,
 And daily labours with religious Throws;
 Her once sweet Aspect, and bewitching Air,
 Now turn'd to frightful Horror and Despair.
 With Sighs and Groans her anxious Bosom heaves,
 And when she is most happy most she grieves.
 Was e'er mistaken Zeal so blindly led,
 To make what should delight Mankind their
 Dread?

Well,

D

Kind

Kind Heav'n from such a Spouse, my dearest Friend,
By such a Doctor taught your Days defend.

Nor let your Riches tempt you to espouse
Some high bred Maiden of Patrician House;
For tho' your Ancestors in *Poitier's* Fields,
Or *Agincourt* enrich'd their valiant Shields,
Yourself untitled she with Scorn will view,
And honour more her Marmozet than you;
For he poor Fool, tho' in Captivity,
She hears, at Home is of great Quality,
Nay often here Lords of his Make has seen,
And, had he some few Inches taller been,
A Place at Court his Figure well might grace;
A Hero-Angel Form of common Race,
The Ideot scorns, and in your softer Hours,
Will hate to mix her restiff Blood with your's.
Methinks I hear you say, "I'll no such Danger run,
" Taught by *s Fate th' unequal Yoke to shun;
" And, by ill Chance, was such a Lady mine,
" Tho' sprung from *Howard's* or from *Piercie's* Line,
" With equal Scorn answering her vain Grimace,
" I'd cry, go Princess, leave this humble Place,
" And seek your Ancestors on *Chevy-Chace*."

What,

What, Sir, does this disturb your gen'rous Mind?
 A Toy compar'd to what remains behind:
 Suppose your Wife, all vain Expence to shun,
 And ever fearing to be quite undone,
 In shameful Thrift her constant Mind employs,
 Starves your poor House, and needful Food denies;
 Before her barren Gates no Poor are seen,
 No chearful Friend, nor welcome Guest within;
 Cold is her Kitchen, cold her Parlours are,
 The Chimney-Sweeper never enters there;
Britain herself once such a Couple knew,
 As *Rome's Umidius*, and the *French Tardieu*:
 Not long the Tale. *A Squire with Plenty blest'd,*
With frugal Hand each Day his Store increas'd;
But nought to Need, or Decency deny'd,
'Till to be all accurs'd he chose a Bride;
A bagged Female, by her Mother's Care,
No other Knowledge taught but how to spare;
Who, now the Mistress of a hapless House,
Thinks all is waste, and Reformation vows;
Now Rules of Thrift to her kind Spouse imparts,
And much improves him in her hideous Arts,
Who her superior Genius much admires,
And bids her act all that her Soul inspires,
'Till

*'Till by her Care, all common Help deny'd,
 The Wretch with Need grew Sick, and hungry dy'd.
 Now unconfin'd, her wretched Husband gone,
 She views her Bags, and counts them all alone;
 Her uselefs Servants now, without Delay,
 On Quarrels feign'd, half starv'd, she turns away:
 She to her Avarice no Bonds preserves,
 Reigns in an empty House, and reigning starves:
 Thus long she liv'd, beneath the Course grew old,
 And eat her Scraps on hoarded Bags of Gold,
 'Till Thieves broke in, and with a Murdrous Knife,
 Ended at once her Avarice and Life.*

Let not the horrid Tale a Fiction seem,
 For Womankind is ever in Extream,
 They their own Woes from vain Appearance seek,
 Strong is their Humour, and their Reason weak;
 With them what Mortal can foresee his Fate,
 Who liv'd untry'd, unknown, 'till 'tis too late?
 Cheats from their Youth, the fair Outside they shew,
 But the bad female Nature hide from View,
 'Till the *Pandora*, on some Wretch bestow'd,
 Locks up all Hope, and sends her Plagues abroad.
 You cry, perhaps, my Satire's too refin'd,
 'Tis Madness to condemn all Womankind.

With the new World the Marriage State began,
 Heav'n's first Command to yet unfinful Man,
 Not giv'n him for a Curse.-----And yet how soon,
 The lovely Youth was by his Wife undone!
 That Wife, to bless his Days by Heav'n design'd,
 Fill'd his long Age with Tears, and damn'd all
 Human-kind;

Yet fearless you her Daughter dare pursue,
 Just such a hurtful Thing a Woman too;
 Then own, my Friend, her Treasure makes you blind,
 Gilds her Outside, and hides her tainted Mind:
 But O! how curs'd is he who takes a Bride,
 With mighty Dow'r from her rich Mother's Side!
 Let him, who long in *Turkish* Realms a Slave
 Could cruel Stripes, hard Pains, and Hunger brave,
 Inur'd to Grief, let him the Venture run,
 A Slave who can no more than be undone;
 Yet even This his wretched Chance shall mourn,
 And to good *Algiers* pray for a Return,
 When his rich Empress, by her Mother taught,
 Shall pay her Lovers with the Gold she brought,
 A Show, a Wonder, to the Crowd appear,
 And shameless wear a Lordship in each Ear;
 All was her own, who can this Truth deny?
 And will a Husband teach her Modesty?

Or

Or dare enquire how she her Wealth employs,
 While Place at Bed and Board she ne'er denies?
 Yet if at Board he bids a Friend sit down,
 With *Gorgon* Looks she'll turn him into Stone.
 No Joy at Home, no Comfort, shall he feel,
 But seek the Tavern for a chearful Meal:
 Thus near his Lips the flowing *Nectar* smiles,
 But flies when he would taste, and every Hope be-
 guiles:

But if, in Prudence to be more secure,
 You take to Wife an humble Maid and poor;
 To honour you her Worth she must unfold,
 And by her Charms make up her want of Gold;
 Affected soon all modish Vice she wears,
 Drinks like old *M---r*, and free as *M---* swears;
 Fond of Court Wit, a Bargain learns to sell,
 And doats on *C---rf---d* for Punning well.
 Perhaps, forgetting what she owes to you,
 A loose Coquet, half mad, and shameless too,
 Growling she sits and dirty all the Day,
 Sighing 'till Night her sable Wings display,
 Then for her Lover's Absence long in Pain,
 Hastes to the *Hay-Market* or *Drury-Lane*,
 The Colonel meets, and when the Farce is done,
 At *Cranwell's* or at *Griffith's* spends the Time till One,
 Where,

Where, not ungrateful to her honour'd Spouse,
She from Extinction saves his ancient House.

Such Plagues as these attend the Marriage State,
Which sad Experience teaches but too late,
Besides a num'rous List of smaller Ills,
Which fretful *Hymen's* tedious Minutes fill,
Wearing the Flesh and eating to the Bone,
Like Drops of Water falling on a Stone.

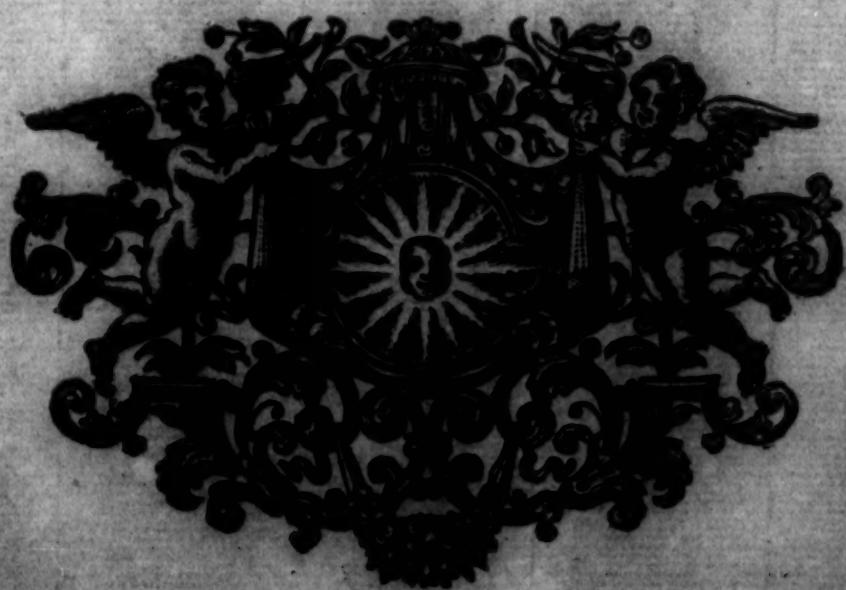
What Day, what Night, from her Complaints are free,
Or jealous still, or feigning Jealousy;
In Taste and Humour, still they disagree;
She hates the Sun, the Midnight Tapers he;
Him sportive Downs, wide Fields, and Meadows
please,

To her sweet Country-Air is a Disease;
Thus in Dispute they live, and endless jar;
A Straw's small Tube 'twixt them proclaims a War.
But should the Dame with fierce Hyftericks strive,
Or conjugal Vexation Vapours give,
With daily Fee three College-Doctors chuse,
And faithful *Garnier's* chearing Compounds Use:
A small Expence to save a Life so dear,
In Fees and Drugs three Hundred Pounds a Year!

But
Where

But worst of all, if you her Will oppose,
 The Creature suffers agonizing Throws;
 Then rest her Soul; and if enough be said
 You from this headstrong Phrenzy to dissuade,
 'Tis well; if not, remember when 'tis o'er,
 Nought can your once lost Liberty restore,
 No Hopes remain to cure the heavy Curse,
 But speedy Cuckoldom, and kind Divorce.

F I N I S.



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But worst of all, if you her Will oppose,
The Creature suffers agonizing Throws;
Then tell her Soul; and if enough be said
You from this headstrong Phrenzy to dissuade,
'Tis well; if not, remember when 'tis o'er,
Nought can your once lost Liberty restore,
No Hopes remain to cure the heavy Curse,
But speedy Cuckoo and kind Divorce.



F I N I S

